MODESTY BLAISE

by Peter O'Donnell and Jim Holdaway

•THE VIKINGS 874-992

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
THE VIKINGS
OFF THE COAST OF DENMARK...
CUT ENGINES ...UP MAST AND HOIST SAIL
RICH PICKINGS TONIGHT, MAGNUS!
IT'S THE GAME THAT MATTERS, LITTLE MAN, NOT THE PICKINGS... NOW BE QUIET
874

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
UNDER A BLACK SAIL THE POWERFUL LAUNCH GLIDES SILENTLY INTO THE SHALLOWS...
MASKS ON!
IN THE BIG HOUSE AT THE TOP OF THE SHORT CLIFF-PATH
A WORD WITH YOU, PETERSEN
875

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
CAN WE TALK BUSINESS FOR FIVE MINUTES SOMETIME THIS EVENING?
AH, PLEASE...!
TONIGHT I AM GIVING A PARTY, SO ENJOY YOURSELF, NILSEN, MY DEAR FELLOW...
DO WE WANT TO TALK BUSINESS WHEN WE ARE SURROUNDED BY BEAUTIFUL WOMEN?
876

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
HERRE GUD!
STAND QUITE STILL, LITTLE PEOPLE—WHILE WE COLLECT THE WALLETS OF THE MEN AND THE JEWELLERY OF THE WOMEN
877

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
AS THE VIKINGS' COLLECT THEIR SPOILS...
LIMPING ON THE LEFT LEG... AND THAT SCAR ON THE INSIDE OF THE WRIST... THIS ONE IS OLAF!
AH... IF ONLY THIS WERE A THOUSAND YEARS AGO, PRETTY LADY! I'D TAKE YOU FOR RANSOM, OR PLEASURE, AS THE OLD VIKINGS DID!
AND YOU'D LOVE IT, I PROMISE YOU—!
GET YOUR HANDS OFF HER!
878

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
MAGNUS BLOCKS THE WILD BLOW...
OH, LITTLE MAN, LITTLE MAN...! BE GLAD I'VE NO TASTE FOR USING BULLETS!
NOW IF YOU WERE NOT A MOUSE, AND IF WE HELD SWORDS, YOU AND I...
BUT THE GOOD DAYS ARE LONG GONE. MORE'S THE PITY
WITH A BELLOW OF LAUGHTER, THE GIANT HURLS HIS VICTIM AWAY
879

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
BE WISE, MY SOFT-SKINNED LITTLE FRIENDS—DON'T PUT YOUR NOSES OUTSIDE THIS HOUSE FOR FIVE MINUTES...
...OR YOU MAY FIND THEM LOPPED!
ADJÖ DA!
WITH THE MOCKING FAREWELL MAGNUS VANISHES WITH HIS MEN INTO THE DARKNESS
PLEASE REMAIN STILL, EVERYBODY—I WANT NONE OF MY GUESTS HURT
YOUR PHONE IS DEAD, PETERSEN
880

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

RUN TO HERR KOBRO'S HOUSE AND TELEPHONE THE POLICE, JOHAN
A WASTE OF TIME, PETERSEN... DON'T YOU READ THE FOREIGN NEWS? THE VIKINGS RAIDED AT DEAUVILLE LAST MONTH...
... AND SOMEWHERE ON THE SPANISH COAST BEFORE THAT— BUT POLICE AND ROAD-BLOCKS WON'T CATCH THEM
THEY ALWAYS RAID FROM THE SEA!
AH... A PERFECT ANSWER TO THE PROBLEM OF THE GETAWAY, ONE MUST ADMIT
881

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

THREE MILES OUT TO SEA, THE LAUNCH IS HOISTED ABOARD A SMALL CARGO SHIP — "DRAKEN"
A GOOD RAID, CAPTAIN?
FAIR ENOUGH SPORT FOR THESE MILK-AND-WATER DAYS... SOME FOOL TRIED TO BLUDGEON ME!
MAGNUS PICKED HIM UP WITH ONE HAND AND CHUCKED HIM THROUGH A WINDOW!
TAKE THE BRIDGE AND GET UNDER WAY— I'M PLANNING TO BE TOO DRUNK TO STEER A PRAM BEFORE AN HOUR'S OUT!
882

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

IN THE CARGO-SHIP "DRAKEN" THERE IS A STRANGELY OLDEN-TIME CELEBRATION
HERE'S TO OUR FOREBEARS, HEY? HERE'S TO THE OLD NORSEMEN WITH FIRE IN THEIR GUTS AND STEEL IN THEIR HANDS!
883
MAGNUS, LISTEN! SOMETHING YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT HAPPENED DURING THE RAID TONIGHT— A MARVELLOUS JOKE!
SKÅL!

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

TELL ME, OLAF MY LITTLE MAN— WHAT WAS THIS JOKE I MISSED TONIGHT?
REMEMBER THE THICKSET MAN WITH A TOUGH FACE AMONG THAT CROWD WE ROBBED, MAGNUS?
THAT WAS MY STINKING RICH FATHER!
YOUR FATHER? THE GREAT TYCOON? HA-HAAA!
FOUR HUNDRED MILES AWAY, ON LAKE MÄLAR, IN SOUTHERN SWEDEN
YOU'VE A NICE NAUTICAL TOUCH, WILLIE!
COMES NATURAL, PRINCESS! MY FATHER WAS A SAILOR— I THINK!
884

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
THE ONE-MAN ICE-YACHTS FLASH ACROSS THE LAKE AT SIXTY M.P.H.
ONE MORE RUN BEFORE DUSK, WILLIE — MAKE IT A RACE?
RIGHT! LET'S 'AVE A TENNER ON IT, PRINCESS
AT ONE OF THE LAKESIDE HOTELS...
YES, HERR NILSEN, WE HAVE A MISS BLAISE STAYING HERE — SHE WILL RETURN SOON FROM THE LAKE WITH MR. GARVIN, I THINK
I WILL LEAVE A NOTE FOR HER — BOOK ME A ROOM, PLEASE, FOR ONE NIGHT
885

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
THE END OF THE RACE...
YOU OKAY, PRINCESS?
YES THANKS, WILLIE LOVE — I JUST RAN OUT OF ICE
BUT I WON, SO THAT'S A TENNER YOU OWE ME — LET'S GO AND EAT NOW
WE'D BETTER 'AVE A SHORT SNORT FIRST, SO WE DON'T COME OVER FAINT WALKING BACK TO THE HOTEL
FORTY MINUTES LATER...
NOW WHY WOULD A MR. ALBERT NILSEN WANT TO SEE ME AFTER DINNER?
BIG NORWEGIAN TYCOON, ISN'T 'E? TIMBER AND FISH... MIGHT WANT TO FLOG YOU A FOREST OR A COUPLA NICE WHALES
886

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
AFTER DINNER, IN THE BAR...
MISS BLAISE? I WISH TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT MY SON, OLAF
GOOD EVENING, MR. NILSEN... I GOT YOUR NOTE
BUT I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT YOUR SON, I'M AFRAID
YOU WOULD NATURALLY LIE — SINCE YOU MADE HIM A CRIMINAL
I TELL YOU WHAT, NILSEN, EITHER YOU JUST GO AWAY OR START ALL OVER AGAIN — BUT POLITELY THIS TIME
BABY, WILLIE, I'LL HEAR HIM OUT — BUT UPSTAIRS
887

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
NOW, MR. NILSEN... I'VE NEVER MET YOUR SON TO MY KNOWLEDGE, SO WHY DO YOU SAY I MADE HIM A CRIMINAL?
THREE YEARS AGO OLAF LEFT HOME... HE WAS TWENTY THEN
AFTER SIX MONTHS HE RETURNED — BY AIR FROM TANGIER, AND WITH AN INJURED LEG FROM WHICH HE STILL LIMPS
HE HAD BEEN HURT WHILE WORKING FOR A GANG OF CRIMINALS... THE GANG YOU RAN AT THAT TIME, YOUNG WOMAN!
888

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
OLAF NILSEN, EH...? WELL, 'E USED A DIFFERENT NAME, BUT I KNOW WHO YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT NOW ALL RIGHT!
IT'S THE WHIZZ-KID, PRINCESS! REMEMBER THE LITTLE PERISHER? GOT 'IS LEG BUST ON THAT HI-JACK JOB NEAR FEZ—
I REMEMBER... HE WAS LUCKY IT WASN'T HIS NECK
AND HE COULD HAVE COST US FOUR LIVES—YOUR SON, MR. NILSEN, MISTOOK A DANGEROUS JOB FOR A GAME OF COWBOYS AND INDIANS
889

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
'ALLO, PRINCESS! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE DROPPING IN ON THIS ONE
MODESTY AND WILLIE REMEMBER A NIGHT IN MOROCCO THREE YEARS AGO, IN THE DAYS OF THE NETWORK...
YOU CARRY ON, WILLIE. I ONLY CAME ALONG TO WATCH THE WHIZZ-KID—HE WORRIES ME A LITTLE
TOO YOUNG?
SURE... SOME PEOPLE JUST DON'T GROW UP
WHAT'S YOUNG, WILLIE LOVE? WE WERE TWICE HIS AGE WITH HALF HIS YEARS...
890

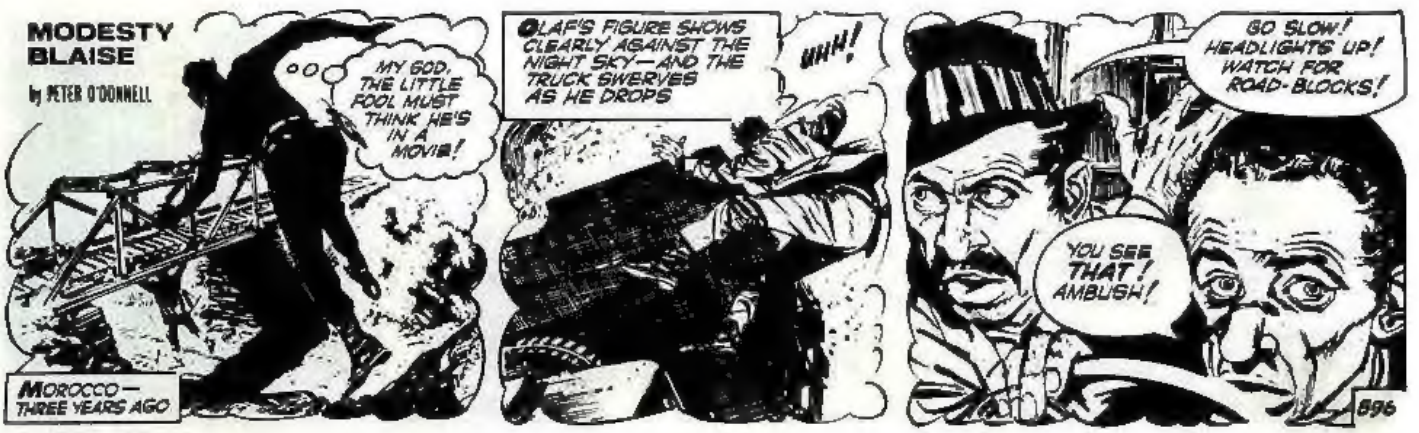
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
HEY, RAOUL! IS THAT MODESTY HERSELF UP THERE WITH WILLIE?
YOU CALL HER "MAM'SELLE"—OR WILLIE GET MAD WITH YOU, MON PETIT!
OKAY, OKAY, I FORGOT! BUT IS SHE REALLY GOING TO BE IN THE ACTION TONIGHT?
WHAT YOU THINK, KROLL?
MAM'SELLE TRUST WILLIE LIKE HERSELF—I THINK SHE JUST COME TO KEEP EYE ON SOMEBODY
891

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
A Network OPERATION THREE YEARS AGO...
IT IS KRIM'S MOB WE HI-JACK TONIGHT, WILLIE?
THAT'S IT, RAOUL ... ONLY A PARCEL OF INDUSTRIAL DIAMONDS FROM SIERRA LEONE. BUT KRIM NEEDS SLAPPING DOWN A BIT
NOW... THE KID FLASHES US FROM THE BRIDGE WHEN 'E SIGHTS THE TRUCK AND YOU GET BUSY WITH THE TAR-DRUMS—SIX INCHES OF TAR 'LL STOP 'EM LOVELY—THEN KROLL! AN' ME CAN SEE TO THE REST
THERE'LL ONLY BE FOUR, SO NO SHOOTING, KROLL!
I CAN DO MORE THAN JUST FLASH A TORCH!
SURE, WILLIE... I KNOW THE SCORE
892

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
NO! YOU DON'T COME DOWN AND 'ELP TAKE CARE OF KRIM'S BOYS AFTER YOU'VE SIGNALLED! YOU JUST WATCH, SEE?
I JUST WATCHED THE LAST JOB!
YOU'LL GO ON WATCHING TILL YOU START LEARNING—AND YOU'D BETTER START LEARNING SOON OR YOU'LL BE OFF THE PAY-ROLL! GOT IT?
Bon soir, Mam'selle...
HALLO RAOUL, MON VIEUX... THAT BOY HASN'T GOT THE IDEA YET, SO COVER HIM TONIGHT, WILL YOU? AND IF HE COMES DOWN FROM THE BRIDGE — CHILL HIM
UNDERSTOOD, MAM'SELLE
893

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
FROM THE BRIDGE COMES A QUICK SIGNAL— THREE FLASHES . . .
AH... THE TRUCK ARRIVES
I'LL TAKE THE TWO IN THE CAB, KROLL!— YOU TAKE THE BOYS IN THE BACK
SURE
The Network STAGES A SMALL-SCALE OPERATION... AND MODESTY BLAISE WATCHES THE EXECUTION OF HER PLAN
894

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
AS RAOUL BEGINS TO FLOOD THE ROAD WITH TAR, KROLL SUDDENLY CALLS . . .
LOOK WILLIE— THE KID!
MY LIFE! THE LITTLE—!
I'LL HAVE THIS JOB HALF DONE BEFORE WILLIE AND THE OTHERS GET STARTED!
HE THINK TO DROP ON THE TRUCK!
NO! GET BACK, KID! THEY SEE YOU!
895


MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
MY GOD, THE LITTLE FOOL MUST THINK HE'S IN A MOVIE!
MOROCCO— THREE YEARS AGO
OLAF'S FIGURE SHOWS CLEARLY AGAINST THE NIGHT SKY—AND THE TRUCK SWERVES AS HE DROPS
UHH!
GO SLOW! HEADLIGHTS UP! WATCH FOR ROAD-BLOCKS!
YOU SEE THAT! AMBUSH!
896

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL

RAOUL IS CAUGHT IN THE HEADLIGHTS . . .
THE JOB'S WRECKED...
KROLL! SCRUB ROUND IT!
SURE, WILLIE
TAR! BUT IT HASN'T SPREAD YET— KEEP RIGHT AND PUT YOUR FOOT DOWN!
RAOUL HURLS HIMSELF ASIDE... AND THE TRUCK JUDDERS AND FALTERS AS THICK TAR PLUCKS AT ITS TYRES
697

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL

BULLETS SPRAY FROM THE BACK OF THE TRUCK AS IT PLOUGHS THROUGH THE TAR AND PICKS UP SPEED...
THAT GODDAM KID... HE CRAZY FOR SURE
YOU OKAY, RAOUL?
NO HURT... SORRY I WAS TOO LATE WIT' TAR, WILLIE. BUT I TRY TO STOP THE KID MAKING THAT FOOL JUMP FROM BRIDGE
MAM'SELLE TELL ME TO WATCH HIM
NOT YOUR FAULT... ONCE THE KID BLEW US, THE JOB WAS OFF ANYWAY... LET'S GO AND SEE WHAT'S LEFT OF 'IM
MAM'SELLE IS THERE...
698

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL

THE END OF A Network OPERATION. THREE YEARS AGO...
HE'S ALIVE, WILLIE. BUT HIS RIGHT LEG'S SMASHED... BRING UP MY STATION WAGON. IT'S IN A GULLEY ONLY JUST DOWN THE ROAD
RIGHT, PRINCESS
THE KID IS NO GOOD, MAM'SELLE... HIS KIND NEVER LEARN
YOU WERE LIKE HIM YOURSELF WHEN YOU CAME TO ME GREEN, FOUR YEARS AGO, KROLL!... BUT YOUR LUCK LASTED WHILE YOU WERE LEARNING
HIS DIDN'T— NOW GET YOUR THUMBS ON THIS PRESSURE-POINT WHILE I FIX A TOURNIQUET
SURE, MAM'SELLE
699

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL

IN THE HOTEL ON LAKE MA'LAR...
YES... WE CERTAINLY REMEMBER YOUR SON
WITH SHAME, I WOULD THINK
IF I 'AD A SON AS STUPID AS THAT, I RECKON IT'D BE MY FACE THAT WAS TOMATO-RED, MATEY
YOU MADE HIM A CRIMINAL
HE WAS THAT BEFORE HE JOINED The Network... BUT WHY WAIT THREE YEARS BEFORE VOICING YOUR RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION, MR. NILSEN?
700

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

WHEN MY SON RETURNED, *INJURED*, AFTER WORKING FOR YOUR GANG, MISS BLAISE, HE DID NOT COME HOME TO *ME*... BECAUSE YOU PROVIDED A PENSION SUFFICIENT FOR HIM TO LIVE ON!
WE ALWAYS LOOKED AFTER OUR PEOPLE — IS THAT BAD?
IT MADE OLAF INDEPENDENT! I WAS READY TO TAKE HIM BACK. BUT HE MARRIED SOME *PEASANT* GIRL, IF YOU PLEASE!...
...AND WAS ENTIRELY HOSTILE TO *ME*
THAT'S WHERE THE SHOE PINCHES, PRINCESS — THE KID DIDN'T CRAWL BACK TO DADDY
IT DOESN'T EXPLAIN DADDY'S VISIT *NOW*...
901

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

MY SON OLAF HAS RETURNED TO *CRIME* — HE IS ONE OF THIS LUNATIC *VIKING* GANG WHO HAVE BEEN MAKING HOUSE-PARTY RAIDS
THE VIKINGS...?
SO HE HASN'T LEARNED A THING...
STILL PLAYING COWBOYS AN' INDIANS — THAT VIKING LOT WON'T LAST ANOTHER THREE MONTHS
I REQUIRE YOUR VERY SPECIAL PROFESSIONAL SERVICES, MISS BLAISE — TO EXTRICATE OLAF FROM THIS GANG AT WHATEVER FEE YOU CARE TO NAME
902

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

I DON'T OWE YOU ANYTHING, NILSEN — YOU SO DOMINATED YOUR SON THAT IN THE END HE HATED YOU AND BROKE LOOSE...
HE PROBABLY WENT INTO CRIME PARTLY FOR KICKS AND PARTLY TO MAKE *YOU* SQUIRM — SO DON'T BLAME ME OR ANYONE ELSE FOR WHAT HE IS
BUT —
GOODNIGHT, MR. NILSEN
903

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

THAT IS FINAL? I CANNOT BUY YOU TO GET MY SON AWAY FROM THIS *VIKING* GANG?
YOU CAN'T BUY ME... BUT I INTEND TO LOOK INTO THE MATTER
NOT FOR YOUR SAKE, OR EVEN FOR HIS — I DON'T SUFFER BULLIES OR FOOLS GLADLY... BUT THERE'S ANOTHER PERSON INVOLVED WHO MAY BE NEITHER
I MEAN THE GIRL HE MARRIED — THIS "*PEASANT GIRL*" AS YOU DESCRIBED HER
DON'T TRY TO FIGURE IT OUT, NILSEN — YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR DEPTH
904

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

WELL ... 'OW DO WE START THIS CAPER, PRINCESS?
THE VIKINGS MUST WORK FROM A REGISTERED SHIP — THAT'S WHY THEY'RE BOUND TO BE CAUGHT BEFORE LONG...
M'MM... GOOD IDEA PLAYED WRONG — INTERPOL'LL BE CROSS-CHECKING SHIP MOVEMENTS WITH THE RAIDS
YES... AND OLAF MUST BE ONE OF THE CREW, SO IT WON'T BE HARD FOR US TO PINPOINT THE SHIP
NORWAY TOMORROW, WILLIE — YOU CHECK ON THE BOY, I'LL SEE HIS WIFE... I CAN GET THE ADDRESS FROM THE ZURICH BANK THAT HANDLES OUR PENSION FUND
RIGHT
905

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

A SMALL-HOLDING ON ONE OF THE BLEAK ISLANDS IN THE SOGNE FJORD...
MARGRETE! THERE IS A VISITOR WHO ASKS FOR OLAF
MY SON-IN-LAW IS A SAILOR AND IS AWAY, BUT WE EXPECT HIM HOME IN A DAY OR TWO... PERHAPS MY DAUGHTER CAN HELP YOU
WHO IS IT, FATHER —? OH... GOOD MORNING, FRÖKEN!
GOOD MORNING... MY NAME IS MODESTY BLAISE
AH... YES, I HAVE HEARD OLAF SPEAK OF YOU OFTEN... TOO OFTEN
906

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

WILL YOU TAKE COFFEE, FRÖKEN?
YOU'RE VERY KIND... PARTICULARLY SINCE YOU DISLIKE ME VERY MUCH I THINK — WHAT HAS OLAF TOLD YOU OF ME?
EVERYTHING HE KNOWS... YOU ARE HIS GODDESS, HIS DREAM-WOMAN ... I AM ONLY HIS WIFE
OLAF KNOWS LITTLE OF ME — AND HE IS VERY STUPID, I'M AFRAID
YES... BUT THAT DOES NOT STOP ME LOVING HIM — OR HATING YOU, FRÖKEN, FOR LEADING HIM INTO TROUBLE AND DANGER AGAIN
YOU THINK THAT?
907

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

EACH MONTH THERE COMES PENSION-MONEY FOR OLAF FROM ZURICH... THIS MADE ME THINK THERE WAS GOOD IN YOU — BUT NOW YOU HAVE TAKEN HIM INTO YOUR GANG AGAIN
MARGRETE... I BROKE UP MY ORGANISATION AND RETIRED QUITE A WHILE AGO — OLAF ISN'T WORKING FOR ME, BUT FOR A GANG CALLING THEMSELVES The Vikings
The Vikings ? BUT I HAVE READ OF THEIR RAIDS — THEY ARE MAD!
YES...
908

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
PLEASE, FRÖKEN, PLEASE HELP OLAF — I KNOW HE IS FOOLISH LIKE A LITTLE BOY, AND I KNOW HE DOES NOT LOVE ME...
...BUT I LOVE HIM
THAT'S WHAT I CAME TO FIND OUT... IT WOULDN'T BE WORTH TRYING TO HELP HIM OTHERWISE
YOU—YOU CAN HELP HIM?
IF I GET HIM OUT OF THE VIKING GANG IT MAY SAVE HIM FROM PRISON ... BUT I CAN'T CHANGE HIM, MARGRETE — WE ALL HAVE TO DO OUR OWN GROWING-UP
909

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
A HOTEL IN BERGEN
'ALLO, PRINCESS — I WAS WONDERING IF YOU'D GET 'ERE TONIGHT
YOU SEEN THE GIRL?
YES... SHE'S A DAMN SIGHT TOO GOOD FOR OLAF, BUT SHE'S HIS WIFE AND SHE LOVES HIM...
SO AT LEAST WE'LL GET HIM OUT OF THIS IDIOT CAPER BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE — WHAT DID YOU FIND OUT, WILLIE?
ALL WE NEED TO KNOW
910

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
LET'S DANCE WHILE WE'RE WAITING FOR THE ORDER, WILLIE
SURE — MAKES IT EASIER TO TALK
YOU COULD ENJOY IT AS WELL... BUT IF YOU'D LIKE ANOTHER GIRL FOR DANCING WE CAN ALWAYS TALK LATER
BLIMEY, I DIDN'T MEAN THAT, PRINCESS—!
SHUT UP, WILLIE LOVE, I ONLY THREW A LOW PUNCH BECAUSE YOU LEFT YOURSELF WIDE OPEN — NOW, WHAT'S THE SCORE?
WELL... THE SHIP THE VIKINGS USE IS A SMALL CARGO SHIP CALLED "DRAKEN"
911

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
"DRAKEN" DOCKED 'ERE YESTERDAY, PRINCESS — SHE'S IN THE HARBOUR NOW AN' WON'T BE SAILING FOR ANOTHER TEN DAYS...
...OLAF'S GONE HOME ON A FEW DAYS' LEAVE, SO YOU JUST MISSED SEEING 'IM WHILE YOU WERE THERE
WHO'S THE KINGPIN OF THE VIKINGS, WILLIE?
SHIP'S CAPTAIN IS A BLOKE CALLED MAGNUS — PRETTY WAY-OUT CHARACTER THEY SAY... I KNOW WHERE WE CAN FIND 'IM
LET'S EAT, THEN WE'LL DO JUST THAT
912

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
NEAR A DOCKSIDE BAR...
MAGNUS ISN'T THERE YET, PRINCESS — AND IT'S A JOINT STRICTLY FOR MEN ONLY
VILLAINS?
NO... MOSTLY YOUNG SAILORS WHOOPING IT UP — BUT I RECKON THIS IS WHERE MAGNUS PICKS UP RECRUITS
GO BACK IN, WILLIE AND I'LL FOLLOW ON MY OWN... I FANCY MAGNUS NEEDS IMPRESSING, AND WAITING AROUND OUTSIDE FOR HIM ISN'T VERY IMPRESSIVE
9/13

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
IN THE NOISY SEAMEN'S BAR...
KARL WINS! WHO'S NEXT?
PHWEEE!
HEY YOU GIRL! OUTSIDE, PLEASE! NO WOMEN ALLOWED HERE!
DEPENDS WHAT SHE'S HERE FOR, ALEX!
9/14

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
I WANT TO SEE CAPTAIN MAGNUS
MAGNUS? I THINK HE MIGHT LIKE TO SEE YOU, FRÖKEN — BUT YOU CAN'T WAIT HERE!
THEY'RE GOOD BOYS BUT A LITTLE ROUGH, YOU UNDERSTAND? AND THEY LIKE TO LET OFF STEAM WITHOUT WOMEN AROUND
WHEN CAPTAIN MAGNUS COMES I WILL TELL HIM YOU ARE WAITING — OUTSIDE
WONDER 'OW THE PRINCESS 'S GOING TO 'ANDLE IT..
9/15

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
COME ALONG NOW, YOU CAN SEE THIS IS A BAR ONLY FOR MEN
YES... IT'S A GREAT BOX
BUT I'LL BUY DRINKS ALL ROUND IF YOUR BEST MAN CAN KNOCK ME OFF THE BARREL
GIVE HER A GO!
COME ON KARL... WIN US A DRINK!
SHE'S DONE IT... AN' JUST THE WAY THAT'LL MAKE MAGNUS TAKE NOTICE..
9/16

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

Modesty gets the feel of riding the barrel...

She's not bad. With luck she will last ten seconds against Karl!

It's ninety percent balance and only ten percent muscle for this caper.

Hey, sailor— I'll lay a hundred kroner to twenty against Karl.

Against—? You've got a bet!

Ready...? *Begin!*

9/7

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

The rammers weave and clash as Modesty and her opponent feint, lunge and parry...

She's *turned* the barrel! Dodgy.. but the only way to move 'n an' beat 'is extra reach

Hey she ride that damn thing like bicycle!

9/8

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

Magnus enters the bar—just as Modesty moves in, ducks, and lunges...

A *girl*? Who the hell—?

She wins!

You got to let her stay now, Alex!

Uhh!

Ah, Captain! She wants to talk to *you!*

Just as well! I intend talking to *her*...

Magnus... couldn't've walked in at a better time

9/9

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

Magnus bullocks his way through the crowd and whisks Modesty off the barrel...

We-e-ell! But for that black hair you could be an old-time Viking queen! Come and drink with me, girl— I'm Magnus!

Never mind these boys and their horse-play, Froken— you're like *me*, born to hold a *sword* in your hand, eh?

The two of us with swords...? As friends or enemies?

Who cares? As *friends* if there's anyone else to fight— and as *enemies* if not!

9/10

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
YES...
ALEX SAYS YOU WANT TO TALK TO ME
... BUT IN PRIVATE
SO! IN PRIVATE! BUT DON'T TRUST ME, GIRL!
OUT OF THE WAY, LITTLE PEOPLE!
ALEX! LET'S HAVE THAT SMALL ROOM OF YOURS!
921

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
A ROOM BEHIND THE BAR...
YOU SEEM TO KNOW ME, GIRL...
WHO ARE YOU EH?
SEE THAT NOBODY COMES IN, WILLIE
SURE, PRINCESS
AND WHO THE HELL IS HE?
922

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
AHHH, YES... I'VE HEARD PLENTY ABOUT YOU FROM YOUNG NILSEN!
I'M MODESTY BLAISE...
HE TALKS ABOUT YOU AS IF YOU WERE A VALKYRIE COME DOWN FROM VALHALLA! BUT MAYBE THE BOY ISN'T SO WRONG...
AND THIS BABOON IS THE NOTORIOUS WILLIE GARVIN, HA?
MANNERS...
923

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
YOU RUN 'The Vikings' — ONE OF YOUR GANG IS OLAF NILSEN
WELL... WHY DOES MODESTY BLAISE WANT TO TALK TO ME?
I'VE AN INTEREST IN THE BOY — SO THROW HIM OUT, MAGNUS
THERE'S A BETTER IDEA...
YOU COME IN WITH ME, MODESTY
YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING I'VE NEVER FOUND IN A WOMAN BEFORE — TOGETHER WE'LL SET EVERY POLICE FORCE IN EUROPE ON FIRE!
YOU'RE A FOOL, MAGNUS
924

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
I'M OUT OF CRIME, AND I'D NEVER COME IN WITH YOU, ANYWAY — YOU'RE A ROMANTIC MAGNUS, A FIGHTING-MAD BERSERKER
IN THE NAME OF ALL THE GODS, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT? YOU'RE THE SAME!
NO...YOU'RE HOOKED ON DANGER, MAGNUS, A JUNKIE — I JUST TAKE IT IN SMALL DOSES
YOU'RE TRYING A BIG DOSE THIS TIME GRL...
925

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
IF YOU WANT YOUNG NILSEN OUT OF 'The Vikings', WHY DON'T YOU JUST TELL HIM?
BECAUSE THE BOY'S A FOOL...
.. HE HASN'T GROWN UP YET, AND BEING IN YOUR GANG MAKES HIM FEEL BIG AND DARING
SO THROW HIM OUT, MAGNUS — TELL HIM HE'S WORKED WITH YOU ON THESE CRAZY RAIDS FOR THE LAST TIME
ORDERS FROM MODESTY BLAISE...
926

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
I'LL BLOW YOU TO INTERPOL, MAGNUS — IT ONLY NEEDS A WORD IN THE RIGHT QUARTER
AND IF I TELL YOU I WON'T THROW OLAF NILSEN OUT OF 'The Vikings'...?
I ONCE HEARD AN ENGLISH PROVERB... A GOOD ONE FOR A NORSEMAN
"A WOMAN, A DOG, AND A WALNUT TREE... THE MORE YOU BEAT THEM THE BETTER THEY BE"
927

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
YOU'RE A RARE WOMAN, MODESTY ...BUT NOBODY GIVES ORDERS TO MAGNUS, BY GOD! IT COSTS A MAN BROKEN BONES — AND A WOMAN A BEATING
NEXT ONE'S FOR BUSINESS, MAGNUS... SLIDE THAT LOT OVER NICE AN' EASY, THERE'S A GOOD VIKING
928

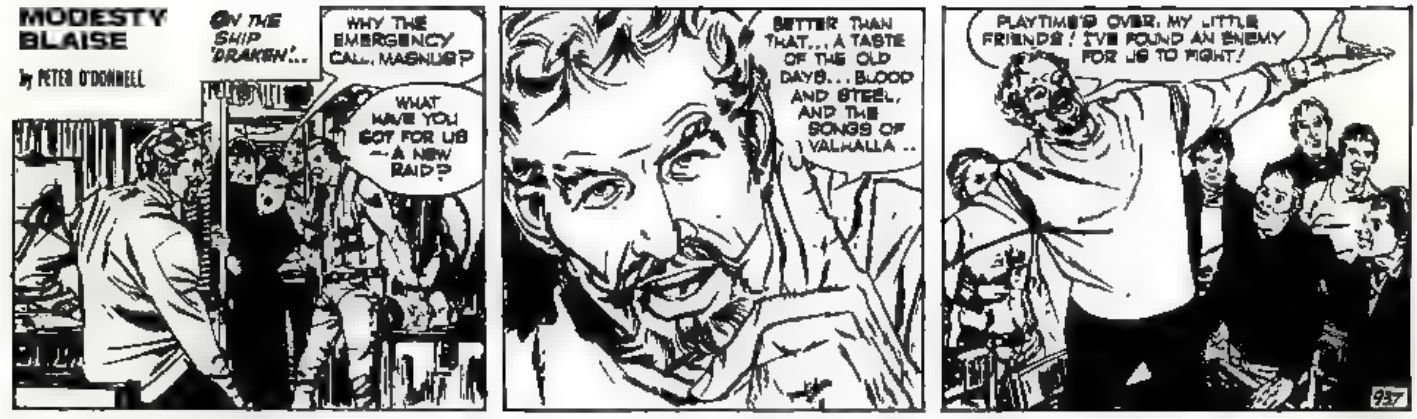
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
PUT THAT FANCY TOOTH-PICK AWAY— AND THEN FIGHT, GARVIN!
MAGNUS FLINGS DOWN THE SCABBARD PIERCED BY WILLIE'S KNIFE...
AH, NOW DON'T BE ALL BITTER LIKE THAT—WILLIE LIKES 'AVING A NASTY UNFAIR ADVANTAGE
SO YOU'LL BLOW ME TO INTERPOL IF I DON'T THROW THE NILSEN KID OUT OF 'The Vikings'...!
YOU SEEM TO HAVE GOT THE IDEA NOW
929
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
IT'S A PITY ABOUT YOU MODESTY... WE COULD HAVE DONE BIG THINGS TOGETHER— BUT WE CAN STILL MAKE A FINE GAME OF THIS!
LEAVE OUT THE INTERPOL THREAT AND LET'S MAKE IT A STRAIGHT FIGHT BETWEEN US— HA?
NO... AND I'VE FINISHED TALKING
YOU DISAPPOINT ME... AS WELL AS LEAVING ME NO CHOICE
930
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
IF YOUNG NILSEN SAILS ON 'DRAKEN' AGAIN, I'LL KNOW ...AND YOU'LL BE FINISHED, MAGNUS
SKÅL!
THREE SECONDS LATER, MODESTY AND WILLIE MOVE QUICKLY THROUGH THE CROWDED BAR
AND IN THE SMALL PARLOUR...
MAGNUS...?
HA-HA-HAAA! I'VE GOT A FIGHT ON, ALEX—A REAL FIGHT! AGAINST SOME WORTHWHILE OPPOSITION AT LAST!
931
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
RECKON MAGNUS WILL DO WHAT YOU TOLD 'IM, PRINCESS?
I'M NOT SURE...
HE DOESN'T CARE ONE WAY OR THE OTHER ABOUT HAVING OLAF NILSEN IN HIS GANG... BUT I'D SAY HE CARES A LOT ABOUT KNUCKLING UNDER
WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT AND SEE, WILLIE LOVE... BUT IN THE MEANTIME WE'LL MAKE SURE YOUNG OLAF HIMSELF KNOWS THE SCORE
932

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
IT IS THE DARK GIRL AGAIN, MARGRETE — BUT WITH A MAN THIS TIME
YES... DO NOT TELL OLAF SHE WAS HERE BEFORE, FATHER.
MARGRETE! I'VE GOT A PRESENT FOR YOU — COME AND SEE
WE HAVE VISITORS, OLAF
MAM'SELLE!
933

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
YOU HERE, MAM'SELLE! AND WILLIE! I-I DON'T UNDERSTAND! BUT IT'S A WONDERFUL SURPRISE!
PLEASE! SIT DOWN, SIT DOWN! MARGRETE — MAKE COFFEE! THIS IS MODESTY BLAISE!
OLAF...
AS OLAF TURNS EAGERLY —
UHH!
934

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
YOU'RE OUT OF MAGNUS'S "VIKING" GANG... I'VE TOLD HIM, AND NOW I'M TELLING YOU!
MAM'SELLE! WHAT—?
OLAF STAGGERS UNDER THE FIERCE, UNEXPECTED SLAP...
BUT YOU— YOU HAVE NO RIGHT...!
I'VE EVERY RIGHT!
WHEN YOU WORKED FOR ME YOU WRECKED A JOB AND GOT YOURSELF A PERMANENT LIMP... AND I'VE CARRIED YOU ON PENSION EVER SINCE!
GROW UP, DAMN YOU!
BLIMEY...
935

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
YOU... YOU TOLD MAGNUS TO THROW ME OUT OF HIS GANG? MY GOD, YOU PLAY WITH FIRE, MAM'SELLE...!
BUT WHY? WHY DO YOU TROUBLE ABOUT ME?
I DON'T
NOW GO OUTSIDE WITH WILLIE...
...I WANT TO TALK TO YOUR WIFE, IF SHE DOESN'T MIND
936


MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
ON THE SHIP 'DRAKEN'...
WHY THE EMERGENCY CALL, MAGNUS?
WHAT HAVE YOU GOT FOR US — A NEW RAID?
BETTER THAN THAT... A TASTE OF THE OLD DAYS... BLOOD AND STEEL, AND THE SONGS OF VALHALLA ..
PLAYTIME'S OVER, MY LITTLE FRIENDS! I'VE FOUND AN ENEMY FOR US TO FIGHT!
937

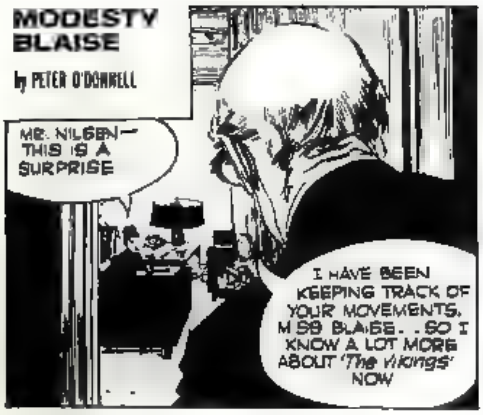
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
BUT WHY DOES MAM SELLE WANT ME TO QUIT 'The Vikings'? I DON'T UNDERSTAND HER, WILLIE —!
THAT'S ONLY BECAUSE YOU'RE DEAD STUPID, KID
ALL RIGHT, I'M STUPID! SO EXPLAIN!
MAGNUS IS A NUT-CASE... HE WANTS TO GET CAUGHT, AN' THEN THERE'LL BE BIDDY MURDER
YOU GOT A WIFE WHO DESERVES BETTER THAN THAT
IN THE COTTAGE...
THANK YOU, THANK YOU FOR WHAT YOU HAVE DONE
NOT YET, MARGRETE... MAGNUS MAY FIGHT, AND IF HE BEATS ME HE'LL TAKE OLAF BACK
938

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
WILL YOU DO AS SHE TOLD YOU, OLAF?
THE POINT IS... WILL MAGNUS? IMAGINE ANYONE LOCKING HORNS WITH HIM!
ISN'T SHE MARVELLOUS? I TOLD YOU, MARGRETE — AND NOW YOU'VE SEEN FOR YOURSELF!
YES...
PERHAPS IF I HIT YOU ACROSS THE FACE AND CALLED YOU A FOOL YOU WOULD THINK I WAS WONDERFUL...
939

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
EVENING, IN BERGEN...
IF MAGNUS ISN'T GOING TO TAKE DRESSER, HE'S ONLY GOT ONE MOVE...
M'MM... KNOCK US BOTH OFF
FIVE HUNDRED FOR DOUBLE BEZIQUE
WILLIE, ARE YOU SHARPING?
EH? NO, PRINCESS, HONEST — I'M SURE I DEALT STRAIGHT
AN URGENT RAP ON THE DOOR...
SEE WHO IT IS, WILLIE... CAREFULLY
940

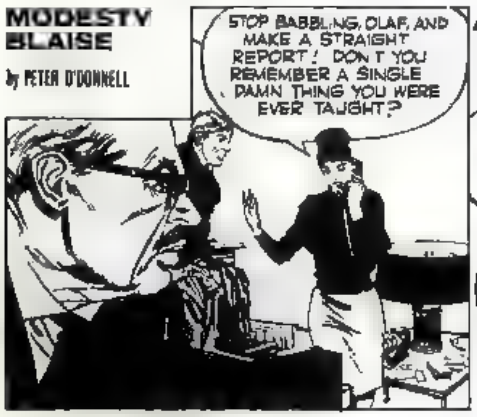
MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL


MR. NILSEN— THIS IS A SURPRISE
I HAVE BEEN KEEPING TRACK OF YOUR MOVEMENTS, M'99 BLAISE. . SO I KNOW A LOT MORE ABOUT 'The Vikings' NOW

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL



MODESTY AND WILLIE LISTEN IN SILENCE FOR TWO FULL MINUTES
ALL RIGHT — WE'LL MEET YOU ONE MILE EAST OF LAVIK IN TWO HOURS
WHY HAS MY SON RUNG YOU? WHAT IS HAPPENING?

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

YOU JUST CAN'T BE REAL, NILSEN... GET OUT OF MY WAY!
AND REMEMBER YOU CALL THE POLICE AN' YOU'LL PUT YOUR SON IN THE NICK —AS ONE OF 'The Vikings'
944

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL

IN THE SOGNE FJORD
LIGHT FLASHING. WILLIE — C-T-E, THE OLD NETWORK SIGNAL
THAT'LL BE THE WHIZZ-KID... USING 'IS LOAF FOR A CHANGE
THANK GOD YOU'RE HERE, MAM'SELLE! I TRIED TO STOP THEM TAKING MARGRETE, BUT MAGNUS KNOCKED ME COLD — I THINK HE'S GONE MAD!
HE ALWAYS WAS — BUT IT TOOK TH S TO MAKE YOU SEE IT
WHERE'S THE HIDE-OUT?
945

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL

A FEW MILES EAST THERE'S AN ISLAND, JUST A BIG PEAK OF ROCK — BUT IT'S A HONEYCOMB OF CAVES INSIDE
MAGNUS FOUND IT YEARS AGO — WE UNLOAD OUR LOOT FROM THE 'viking' RAIDS THERE BEFORE PUTTING INTO PORT
HOW MANY WAYS IN?
ONLY ONE, MAM'SELLE! I-I DON'T SEE HOW WE CAN TAKE THEM BY SURPRISE —
WE DON'T HAVE TO
MAGNUS WILL LET US GET IN... THAT'S THE WHOLE IDEA
946

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL

FEELING ROUGH, KID?
SICK... AFRAID FOR MARGRETE... AFRAID OF WHAT MAGNUS WILL DO TO HER
HE'S CRAZY WILLIE! TO HIM, PEOPLE ARE JUST TOYS IN A BIG GAME HE LIKES TO PLAY! HE DOESN'T CARE —
DO YOU CARE... ABOUT MARGRETE?
OF COURSE I DO! SHE'S GENTLE, HUMAN, EVERYTHING I WANT IN A WIFE — AND NOW I COULD LOSE HER! ALL THIS IS REAL, DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?
I'VE ALWAYS UNDERSTOOD WHAT'S REAL... YOU'RE GROWING UP AT LAST, OLAF
947

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL

YES, MAM'SELLE — I WON'T FAIL YOU AGAIN
DO YOU THINK YOU CAN OBEY ORDERS THIS TIME, OLAF?
TAKE MY COLT, DON'T USE IT UNTIL WILLIE OR I GIVE THE WORD, OR UNTIL SOMEBODY TRIES TO KILL YOU — THEN USE IT FAST!
IN THE ENTRANCE TO THE WARREN OF CAVES THAT LIES BENEATH THE ISLAND...
NO SIGN OF ANYONE YET
ALL RIGHT, TELL MAGNUS — I'LL TAKE OVER AS LOOKOUT
948

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
SHE HASN'T HAD TIME TO GET HERE YET — BUT SHE WON'T BE LONG NOW, OR I'M A BAD JUDGE! SO GET YOURSELVES IN POSITION
WHY HAVE US ALL SPLIT UP THROUGH THE CAVES, MAGNUS? WE COULD TAKE THEM AS THEY COME IN
NO!
I'M GIVING YOU ALL A CHANCE TO FIGHT SOMEONE WHO'LL FIGHT BACK, LITTLE MAN! I WANT TO SEE WHAT MY 'VIKINGS' ARE MADE OF!
NOW GET GONE!
949

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
YOU REALLY WANT US TO... KILL HER? AND GARVIN?
IF YOU CAN!
AND IF YOU DON'T, YOU'LL END UP WRAPPED ROUND ONE OF HER BULLETS OR ONE OF GARVIN'S KNIVES! BUT IF YOU'RE A SOFT, PINK LITTLE MAN INSIDE...
...YOU CAN ALWAYS GET OUT NOW! I WANT NORSEMEN AROUND ME — NOT JELLY-FISH!
950

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
COME OUT, GIRL
YES, YOU'RE LOVELY — TOO GOOD FOR THAT LITTLE BOY OLAF! WELL... IF I DON'T DIE TONIGHT WE'LL CELEBRATE IN THE OLD VIKING STYLE, YOU AND I!
MODESTY BLAISE AND GARVIN WILL GET TO ME HERE — THOSE CARDBOARD 'VIKINGS' OF MINE WON'T STOP THEM! AND THEN YOU'LL SEE A FIGHT TO STIR YOUR BLOOD, GIRL!
MODESTY BLAISE...?
951

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
THAT'S THE LAYOUT OF THE CAVES INSIDE THE ISLAND, MAM'SELLE — THEY'RE WELL-LIT AFTER THE FIRST STRETCH
MODESTY STUDIES THE SKETCH CAREFULLY FOR TWO MINUTES, THEN —
I'LL TAKE OVER WHILE YOU GET THIS FIXED IN YOUR MIND, WILLIE
RIGHT
THERE IS THE ISLAND, MAM'SELLE — THE ACCESS CAVE IS ON THE FAR SIDE, BETWEEN TWO LONG SPITS OF ROCK
TIME TO CUT THE ENGINE... GET THE OARS OUT, OLAF
952

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

ON THE LONG SPIT OF ROCK WHICH HIDES THE CAVE ENTRANCE . . .

YOU SAID MAGNUS WOULD *LET* US IN, MAM'SELLE

HE WILL— BUT I'M NOT DOING EVERYTHING HIS WAY

MAGNUS MEANS TO KILL US, DON'T HAVE ANY ILLUSIONS ABOUT THAT... BUT WHAT ABOUT HIS MEN, OLAF? WILL THEY GO THE WHOLE WAY WITH HIM?

IT'S... HARD TO SAY

THEY'RE NOT KILLERS... JUST STUPID, LIKE ME... BUT IT MIGHT BE HARDER FOR THEM TO BACK OUT THAN GO ON

BLIMEY... GIVE ME REAL VILLAINS ANY TIME— IT'S SIMPLER

953

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

A GUARD KEEPS WATCH, JUST WITHIN THE CAVE ENTRANCE . . .

GOING TO BE ICY COLD, WILLIE

I'LL ONLY BE IN FOR TWENTY SECONDS —IT'S OKAY, PRINCESS

WILLIE GARVIN GLIDES INTO THE WATER

954

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

JUST GIVE WARNING WHEN THEY COME... THEN GET BACK... DON'T SHOOT UNTIL THEY'RE WELL INSIDE.

NEVER HAD TO—TO *SHOOT* AT ANYONE BEFORE... BUT MAGNUS SAYS IT'S THEM OR *US*

WILLIE GARVIN SURFACES WITHOUT A SOUND

UHH...

955

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

A PEBBLE THROWN FROM WITHIN THE CAVE SKIPS ACROSS THE WATER

WILLIE'S IN... BRING THE BOAT ROUND, OLAF

TWO MINUTES LATER . . .

WHAT... WHAT'S NEXT, P-PRINCESS?

WE TAKE FIVE—TO GET YOU WARMED UP, WILLIE

GET A GOOD PULL OF THIS DOWN YOU

956

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
IT'S JUST ME T-TEETH CHATTERIN'...
BLIMEY... IF ONLY WE'D HAD A COUPLE OF DAYS TO GET TOOLED UP FOR THIS CAPER...
I KNOW, WILLIE... A FEW GAS-BOMBS AND WE COULD HAVE DONE IT THE EASY WAY— BUT WE'LL JUST HAVE TO MANAGE WITH THE BASICS
OLAF... YOU'RE GOING TO WORK SOLO AND BLUFF YOUR WAY IN— UNLESS AND UNTIL YOU MEET MAGNUS
HIM, YOU SHOOT
957

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
MAM'SELLE... I DON'T THINK I WILL GET VERY FAR ON MY OWN
WILLIE AND I GO TOGETHER BY THE WEST APPROACH TO THE MAIN CAVE YOU TAKE THE EAST ROUTE, OLAF
YOU WILL IF YOU GO OPENLY— YOUR FRIENDS WILL BE TRIGGER-HAPPY ABOUT WILLIE AND ME, BUT THEY WON'T SHOOT YOU ON SIGHT
SO THIS IS WHAT YOU DO .
FIVE MINUTES LATER, OLAF MOVES ALONG THE WELL-LIT WARREN OF CAVES MAKING NO ATTEMPT AT STEALTH
OLAF!
GET YOUR HANDS UP!
S THAT YOU LARS?
958

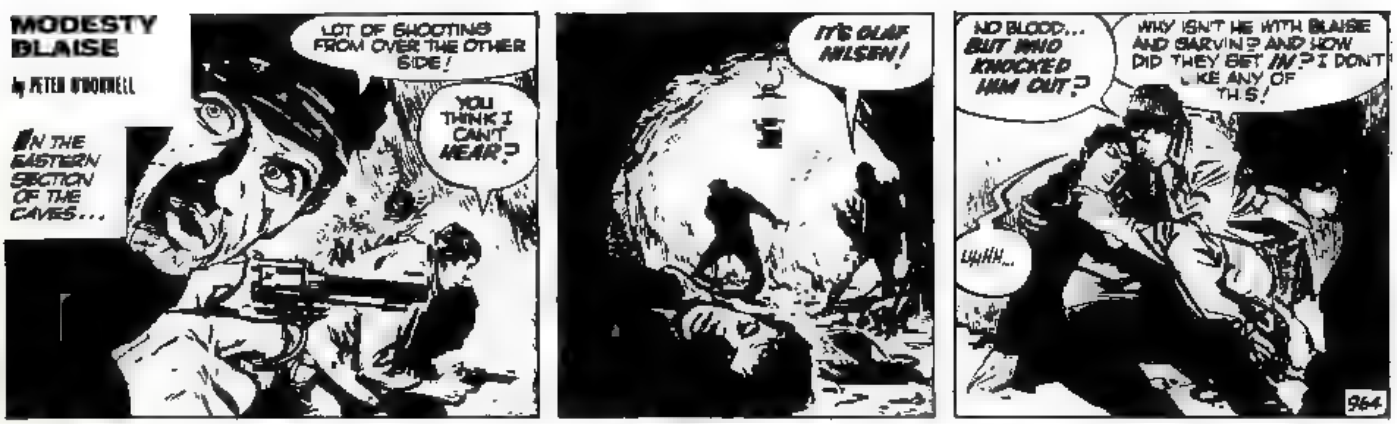
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
WHAT THE DEVIL IS HAPPENING? DID THE LOOK-OUT LET YOU IN? WE WERE EXPECTING MODESTY BLAISE AND WILLIE GARVIN TO BE WITH YOU!
YOU MUST BE JOKING, LARS..
AH, MAGNUS HIMSELF!
OLAF LOCKS PAST THE JUMPY GUARD...
THE HIDDEN COSH STRIKES HOME
959

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
MODESTY AND WILLIE MOVE INTO THE WESTERN SECTION OF THE CAVES
HERE'S WHERE THE LIGHTS BEGIN... GOOD PLACE FOR A CROSSFIRE TRAP, WILLIE
I'LL PUT THE LAMPS OUT... IT'S LONG ODDS THAT THESE BOYS WILL FIRE WILD, AND THEN WE CAN HOME IN ON THE FLASHES
RIGHT...
THIS KID-GLOVE STUFF MAKES ME DEAD JUMPY, PRINCESS
MY FAULT WE'RE STUCK WITH IT— I SHOULD HAVE SIGNED MAGNUS OFF TO START WITH INSTEAD OF PUSSY-FOOTING AROUND...
960

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
TWO RAPID SHOTS PLUNGE A WHOLE SECTION OF THE CAVES INTO DARKNESS...
THEY'RE HERE!
YOU HEAR THAT GIRL? NO WARNING FROM THE LOOK OUT—YET MODESTY BLAISE IS HERE! BY ALL THE GODS I'LL BE PROUD TO KILL THAT WELL-CAT—OR BE KILLED BY HER!
AND TWO GUNS FIRE WILDLY IN ANSWER
961

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
AS DISTANT SHOTS ECHO THROUGH THE CAVES...
AH.. THOSE OF MY LITTLE 'VIKINGS' WHO COME OUT OF THIS ALIVE WILL BE MEN, AT LEAST!
YOU'RE MAD!
THAT'S BETTER! I LIKE PLENTY OF FIRE IN A GIRL! BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO BE QUIET FOR A WHILE NOW..
UHH..!
... I CAN'T HAVE YOU BEHIND ME WHEN I FACE BLAISE AND GARVIN!
962

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
IN THE DARKNESS TWO OF MABUS'S MEN FIRE WITH MOUTHS AWE...
CAN YOU SEE THEM, JAN?
Let 'im guess..
JAN! ARE YOU THERE? ANSWER ME!
CLEAR THIS SIDE WELL
AND THIS
963


MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
IN THE EASTERN SECTION OF THE CAVES...
LOT OF SHOOTING FROM OVER THE OTHER SIDE!
YOU THINK I CAN'T HEAR?
IT'S OLAF NILSEN!
NO BLOOD... BUT WHO KNOCKED HIM OUT?
WHY ISN'T HE WITH BLAISE AND GARVIN? AND HOW DID THEY GET IN? I DON'T LIKE ANY OF THIS!
UHHH...
964

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?
DON'T KEEP ASKING STUPID QUESTIONS! WE'LL TAKE HIM ALONG TO MAGNUS
AS THE MAN DUCKS TO MAKE A FREEMAN'S LIFT, OLAF LETS THE COSH SLIP DOWN HIS SLEEVE, AND—
KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN, ERIK
JUST THIS WAY, YOU TOLD ME, MAM'SELLE...
UHH!
965

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
MODESTY AND WILLIE WORK THEIR WAY THROUGH THE WARREN OF CAVES...
WE'LL SPLIT HERE—YOU TAKE THE LOOP TUNNEL, WILLIE... IT'S LONGER, BUT YOU'LL PROBABLY HAVE A CLEARER RUN
RIGHT, PRINCESS
TWO MINUTES LATER, MODESTY SHATTERS ANOTHER LAMP TO GAIN THE COVER OF DARKNESS
966

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
HAVE TO WING HIM...
THOUGH THE LAMP FALLS, THE SPILT FUEL BURNS ...AND THE CLOAK OF DARKNESS IS LOST...
UHH!
A HUNDRED TO ONE CHANCE... THE LAST WILD BULLET RICOCHETS FROM THE WALL—AND DRIVES DEEP INTO MODESTY'S THIGH
967

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
IF MAM'SELLE AND WILLIE ARE NOT THERE YET, I WAIT... TAKE MAGNUS FROM TWO, THREE SIDES AT THE SAME TIME—
OLAF REACHES THE BIG CENTRAL CAVE...
MARGRETE!
A WAVE OF TERROR DRIVES ALL MEMORY OF HIS ORDERS FROM OLAF'S MIND
MARGRETE!
SO THEY'VE SPLIT UP...
LITTLE OLAF HAS DONE WELL TO GET HERE FIRST!

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
MARGRITTE...!
MAGNUS... HERE!
I'LL KILL YOUR LITTLE OLAF LATER — I DON'T WANT EITHER OF YOU TO MISS THE REAL FIGHT!
YES, MAGNUS IS HERE!
IN THE CAVES... MODESTY FORMS A TOURNIQUET ABOVE THE DEEP RICOCHET WOUND IN HER THIGH
GOT TO GET MOVING ...FINISH THIS FAST WHILE I CAN STILL MAKE IT...
969

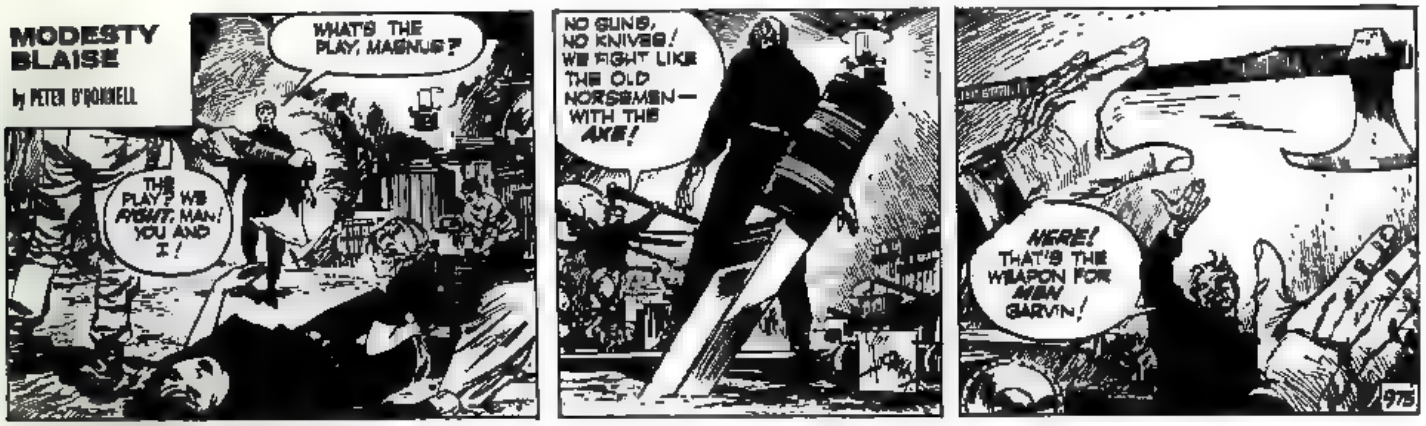
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
MODESTY REACHES ONE OF THE OPENINGS TO THE MAIN CAVE. BUT THE BULLET IN HER LEG IS TAKING ITS TOLL
CAN'T WAIT FOR WILLIE... HAVE TO GO FOR A SHOWDOWN BEFORE I RUN OUT OF JUICE...
WITH A FURIOUS DREDGING OF HER LAST RESERVES...
MAGNUS! I'M HERE!
BUT WOUNDED? A SHAME, MODESTY — IT MAKES THE ATTACK LESS FUN!
970

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
TWO BULLETS BURY THEMSELVES IN THE HEAVY TABLE...
AND WITH LOSS OF BLOOD FROM THE LEG-WOUND, MODESTY'S BLURRED VISION FAILS HER WHEN SHE TRIES FOR THE SMALL TARGET OF MAGNUS'S FOOT
971

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
DISAPPOINTING...
I'D HOPED FOR A LONGER FIGHT WITH YOU, MODESTY
SEE TO THE TOURNIQUET ON THAT LEG OF HERS, GIRL — I DON'T WANT HER PASSING RIGHT OUT BEFORE SHE'S WATCHED ME DEAL WITH THE GREAT WILLIE GARVIN!
IN THE OTHER APPROACH-ROUTE TO THE MAIN CAVE...
THOSE LAST SHOTS WERE FROM MODESTY'S BROWSE... SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG...
972

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
ALL RIGHT, GARVIN— LET'S SEE YOU! AND DON'T BE NASTY ABOUT THROWING THOSE FANCY TOOTHPICKS OF YOURS!
AH... THERE YOU ARE! NOW, IF YOU DROP ME WITH A KNIFE, I DROP THE AXE...
...AND WE CAN ALL SEE WHERE IT'S GOING TO FALL!
973

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
MODESTY LIES BARELY CONSCIOUS UNDER MAGNUS'S POISED AXE...
DROP THE KNIVES, GARVIN!
MARGRETE... IS SHE ALIVE?
YES—BUT SHE TOOK A BULLET IN THE LEG GETTING HERE, WILLIE! IT... IT'S BAD
ALL RIGHT... JUST RELAX, AN' KEEP THAT TOURNIQUET TIGHT
974


MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
WHAT'S THE PLAY, MAGNUS?
THE PLAY'S WE FIGHT, MAN! YOU AND I!
NO GUNS, NO KNIVES! WE FIGHT LIKE THE OLD NORSEMEN— WITH THE AXE!
HERE! THAT'S THE WEAPON FOR MEN GARVIN!
975

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
BE GRATEFUL, GARVIN! I'M SENDING YOU TO VALHALLA ON THE ROYAL ROAD OF THE OLD VIKINGS!
AND WHEN YOU'RE DEAD, I'LL GIVE YOU A VIKING FUNERAL ... PUT YOU TO SEA IN A BURNING BOAT WITH A DEAD DOG AT YOUR FEET—OR THE NEAREST THING TO IT...
...THAT LITTLE PUPPY, CLAP!
YOU'RE GIVING ME BAR-ACHE WITH THE BWASH-BUCKLING BIT, MAGNUS... LET'S GET ON WITH IT, EH?
976

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
AS MAGNUS EDGES FORWARD, AXE POISED...
YOU STOPPED THAT LEG-WOUND BLEEDING, MARGRETE?
YES, BUT—
I'M... ALL RIGHT, WILLIE LOVE... JUST WATCH YOURSELF
HA!
977

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
WITH HIS GIANT STRENGTH AND BERSERK BATTLE-LUST, MAGNUS DRIVES WILLIE GARVIN BACK ACROSS THE GREAT CAVE
MAM'SELLE — YOUR GUN!
EMPTY... FIRED THE LAST SHOT... IT'S ALL ON WILLIE NOW...
978

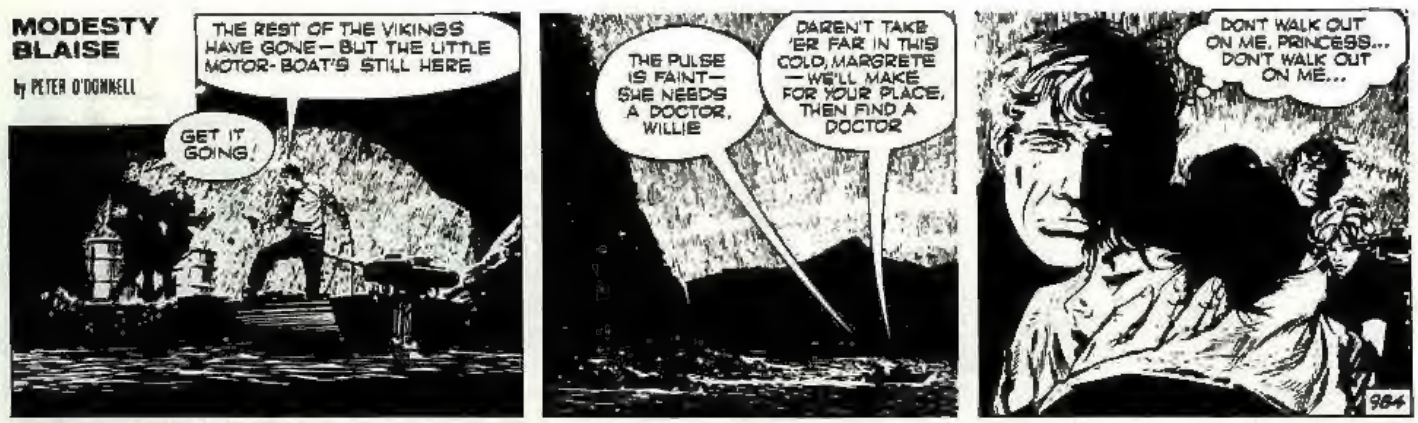
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
...USES THE AXE LIKE IT WAS PART OF 'IM...
AS WILLIE DEFENDS AGAINST THE WHIRLING AXE HE MAKES A COLD ASSESSMENT OF HIS OPPONENT
KEEPING ME AT LONG RANGE SO HE CAN USE 'IS REACH... I'LL 'AVE TO GET SMART
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GET IN CLOSE FOR ANY CLEVER STUFF WITH THIS FEET, GARVIN ...YOU'RE BEATEN, LITTLE MAN, AND YOU KNOW IT!
DON'T TELL ME— PROVE IT
ONE CHANCE WORTH A TRY...
979

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
AS MAGNUS MOVES IN FOR THE KILL, WILLIE REVERSES THE AXE IN HIS HANDS...
WHAT THE HELL IS WILLIE PLAYING AT?
MAGNUS... I DON'T EVEN NEED THE BLADE TO CUT YOU DOWN TO SIZE
WHY, YOU BABBLING FOOL—!
980

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
MAGNUS STRIKES, HIS BLADE CLEAVING THROUGH THE HAFT OF WILLIE'S AXE
JUST RIGHT! BACK-PEDAL NOW, WILLIE BOY!
YOU'D DO BETTER TO FIGHT THAN RUN, GARVIN— IT'LL BE FINISHED QUICKER THAT WAY!
IT'S... FINISHED NOW, MAGNUS.. DROP THE AXE... OR YOU'RE DEAD!
981

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
BETTER QUIT WHILE YOU'RE STILL ALIVE
YOU SHORTENED THE AXE FOR ME, MAGNUS, SO IT'S BALANCED FOR THROWIN' NOW!
NO MAN MAKES MAGNUS YIELD—!
SOME PEOPLE JUST WON'T LISTEN...
982

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
WILLIE FREES OLAF FROM THE SHACKLE...
GO ON AHEAD — SOME OF THE GANG'LL BE COMING ROUND BY NOW... TELL 'EM MAGNUS IS DEAD, AND IF THEY'VE GOT ANY SENSE THEY'LL FADE AWAY FAST!
AND IF THEY MAKE TROUBLE, WILLIE?
THEN SHOOT! THEY'VE 'AD THEIR CHANCE! I'M TAKIN' THE PRINCESS OUT FAST!
983


MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
THE REST OF THE VIKINGS HAVE GONE— BUT THE LITTLE MOTOR-BOAT'S STILL HERE
GET IT GOING!
THE PULSE IS FAINT— SHE NEEDS A DOCTOR, WILLIE
DAREN'T TAKE 'ER FAR IN THIS COLD, MARGRETE — WE'LL MAKE FOR YOUR PLACE, THEN FIND A DOCTOR
DON'T WALK OUT ON ME, PRINCESS... DON'T WALK OUT ON ME...
984

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

In the cottage on the island small-holding...

STRANGE, HERR NILSEN, THAT WE MEET ONLY BECAUSE YOUR SON AND MY DAUGHTER ARE IN DANGER

TO ME, A MATTER FOR SHAME...

THE DARK LADY AND THE BIG FAIR MAN... THEY ARE OUR ONLY HOPE

THEY HAVE GONE KNOWINGLY INTO A TRAP, TO FIGHT MAGNUS AND *The Vikings* ON THEIR OWN GROUND... IT IS SUICIDE

AND YET I STILL DARE TO HOPE...

A BOAT, HERR NILSEN! A BOAT!

985

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

THERE'S FATHER ON THE LANDING-STAGE — AND SOMEBODY *ELSE!*

IT'S *MY* FATHER! WHAT THE HELL IS *HE* DOING HERE?

YOU ARE UNHURT, OLAF? AND MARGRETE?

DON'T TELL ME YOU CARE ABOUT *HER* NOW!

YES... BUT DO *YOU*, OLAF?

SHUT UP, THE PAIR OF YOU!

986

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

WE GOT NO TIME FOR *QUESTIONS*, NILSEN—!

I AGREE — YOU NEED *HELP*, PRACTICAL HELP, MR. GARVIN...

IT SEEMED LIKELY TO ME THAT *IF* YOU RETURNED ALIVE, ONE OR MORE OF YOU MIGHT BE HURT, BADLY HURT... SO MY PERSONAL PHYSICIAN IS ABOARD THAT HELICOPTER...

...AND HE WILL SEE THAT MISS BLAISE IS SAFELY IN THE CARE OF NORWAY'S BEST SURGEON WITHIN THIRTY MINUTES

NILSEN... YOU EVER NEED A FRIEND, CALL ME

987

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

Modesty is lifted into the helicopter on a stretcher...

NO...

I CAN ONLY TAKE ONE MORE ABOARD, HERR NILSEN — PERHAPS IT SHOULD BE THE YOUNG LADY

IT'D BETTER BE ME, DOC — I'M MORE USED TO IT. AND I'M THE SAME BLOOD GROUP

LET IT BE SO, WESSEL... MR. GARVIN IS ALSO THE BEST PERSON TO CONCOCT A SUITABLE STORY FOR THE SURGEON

988

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

AS THE HELICOPTER SOARS UP...

HOW DID THEY BEAT MAGNUS AND ALL HIS MEN, OLAF?

IT'S A LONG STORY... BUT MAGNUS IS DEAD, THE REST OF *'The Vikings'* HAVE SCATTERED...

...AND THE LOOT FROM THE RAIDS IS WAITING TO BE PICKED UP

A GOOD BARGAINING POINT FOR KEEPING THIS AFFAIR QUIET... I WILL TALK TO THE MINISTER TOMORROW

TWO HOURS LATER... THE BULLET IS REMOVED FROM MODESTY'S LEG

989

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

MORNING, IN BERGEN...

THE YOUNG LADY'S CONDITION IS SATISFACTORY, MR. GARVIN — BUT I HAD TO MAKE A LONG INCISION, AND I SUGGEST PLASTIC SURGERY FOR THE SCAR IN DUE COURSE

YOU REALISE THIS ACCIDENT COULD HAVE BEEN *FATAL*? IT IS VERY STUPID TO CLEAN A GUN WHILE LOADED, MR. GARVIN!

I WASN'T REALLY *LOADED*, DOC...

...JUST 'AD A COUPLE OF DRINKS, THAT'S ALL

990

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

IN LONDON, MANY WEEKS AFTER THE BATTLE WITH MAGNUS, SIR GERALD TARRANT TAKES TEA WITH MODESTY

EXPECT WILLIE ANY MOMENT — HE'S JUST BACK FROM A WEEK IN NORWAY

THAT SOUNDS LIKE MY CUE

WELL, THE NILSEN FAMILY'S ALL NICE AND FRIENDLY NOW, PRINCESS... MARGRETE SAID IT TOOK A BIT OF TIME, BUT I RECKON THE WHIZZ-KID AND 'IS OLD MAN BOTH LEARNED THEIR LESSON

NOW WHAT ABOUT THAT LEG? I'D BETTER 'AVE A LOOK...

991

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

WILLIE INSPECTS MODESTY'S LEG...

AH, NO SCAR AT ALL... MARVELLOUS! MUSCLES OKAY, PRINCESS?

THEY JUST NEED TONING UP

YE-E-ES... WE'LL FIX THAT WITH EXERCISE AND MASSAGE...

WILLIE LOVE — SIR GERALD *KNOWS* YOU'RE JUST CHECKING MY MACHINERY THE WAY YOU'D CHECK A WATCH, BUT IT HAD BETTER WAIT...

...OR HE'LL GET AN AWFUL CRICK IN HIS NECK

THANK YOU! AND IF WILLIE'S *QUITE* FINISHED, I'LL HAVE TWO LUMPS OF SUGAR, PLEASE!

992